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1143

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Charitable Institutions and Clothing Societies supplied on Wholesale terms.
COLOURED and PRINTED FLANNELS for DRESSING GOWNS.
PLAIN and FANCY COLOURED WINCEY SKIRTINGS.
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SCOTCH ALL WOOL TARTANS.

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G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. **(54 & 54a, High-st.**

MRS. HARRIET LAW.

GLANCING over the sermon column of the *Excaliber and Chimes* of Saturday last, we observed that Mrs. Harriet Law was advertized to deliver three lectures, on Sunday, in the Secular Institute, number 123, Grosvenor Street, All Saints. A lecture on "The Higher Education of Women" was also advertized lower down in the same column of the *Excaliber*, and thereupon we mused a little in a vagrant sort of way as to what mankind in general may expect the Woman of the Future to be like. The possibilities of the subject were rather bewildering. However, here was a lady who, it might be supposed, was equally a woman of the present as of the future, inasmuch as the most sanguine of the sex would scarcely exalt their ideal of the calibre of the feminine intellect beyond three lectures on one Sunday, all upon tolerably abstruse and diversified subjects.

As we had had the pleasure of hearing *of* Mrs. Harriet Law before, we glanced over the subjects on which she was announced to enlarge, in the expectation that one or two of them might afford special opportunities for comparing the wisdom and eloquence of what the late Lady Morgan would call "Woman and her Master." We found that the tremendous themes which Mrs. Harriet Law proposed to handle were somewhat removed from the trivialities which are injuriously supposed to absorb the energies of the fair, and indeed were of a character to perturb stouter and more masculine bosoms. The lecture at 10.30 a.m. was on "The Morals and Philosophy of the Ancient Greeks and Romans Compared with the Morals taught by Christ and the Philosophy taught by St. Paul." On the whole, this seemed rather a gigantic topic to begin the day with. It takes a good deal of courage in a mere man to hurry out of bed on a Sunday morning in October, to be instructed by a wakeful gentlewoman to compare the morals and philosophy of the Ancient Greeks and Romans with those of——a subsequent period. Besides, it occurred to us (as was once observed by another lady) that "comparisons are odorous." The subject of the second lecture came nearer home, and appealed to the business and bosom of the political world of modern England. It was thus stated:—"The English Aristocracy; its Origin and History, with Notice to Quit." This announcement seemed to wear an almost theatrical complexion. It reminded us of a "bill of the play." There is a certain historic stateliness about the opening portion of the title very captivating to the student, but "Notice to Quit" savours of something suggestive of the Haymarket Company, and especially of Compton. It looked like the "laughable interlude" with which an old playgoer is so familiar. We are rather afraid, however, that the notice to quit in question is intended by Mrs. Harriet Law to express the brief tenure by which our esteemed peerage and baronetage hold their ill-gotten acres and their grinding privileges. As this looked rather bad for Sir Thomas Bazley, not to mention our old friends Whitworth and Fairbairn and the rest of the new baronets, we felt a delicacy in countenancing, even to the extent of threepence, the petticoated Mirabeau of the afternoon lecture.

The evening lecture remained. The versatile and comprehensive Harriet, having disposed of merely terrestrial affairs in the morning and afternoon, is prepared to apply her untiring energies at 6-30, to "A Critical Examination of the Alleged Evidences in favour of the Existence of a God." As if this superhuman industry did not suffice to prove the superiority of her sex to the mob of merely masculine drivellers, the lectures were announced to be accompanied or followed by "discussion." Not content with shaking the spheres of historic and theological speculation, she must needs fling down the gauntlet to all comers. She concedes belligerent rights all round! Well. It seemed to us that we should be wanting in politeness if we failed to call (for a few minutes at least) upon Mrs. Harriet Law, crying in the wilderness of 123, Grosvenor Street. So we dropped in for a short time during the evening lecture, of which, presently, we shall have a word to say. In the meantime we gathered from a communicative member of the congregation in Grosvenor Street (with whom we subsequently swore eternal friendship), that our lady lecturer is an old stager; that is to say, she has long been a professional lecturer in the tremendous domain in which she chooses to shine. Her subjects, as will be observed, are of a pioneer and revolutionary pattern. She teaches that the position of a woman, in relation to what we may call the inferior half of humanity, might be mended enormously. In a word, the fair philosopher is avowedly dissatisfied with the position and the pretensions of the tyrant, man. She fancies that society is effete, and, with Mr. Biglow, that

> They didn't know everything down in Judee.

She makes an active little war on what she contemptuously calls "the churches," and she wants the world to be good enough to go back to nature, and all that. Talking of nature, we cannot but think that Mrs. Law's disciples—the male part of them—prove their tyrannical disposition by exacting from a lady three lectures—and such lectures—in one day. It would be hard work for a man. What must it be to—pardon Milady—the weaker vessel? May there not be such an offence as cruelty to lecturers?

Last Sunday evening was calm and sweet, and had a dim autumnal beauty about it infinitely soothing. Somewhere about the hour of psalm and sermon, when the illuminated windows of church and chapel were bright and resonant with the light and sound that almost make one love the starlit gloaming more, Oxford Road was alive and populous with shadowy forms; a dim dream of lovers and of worshippers passing each other fantastically, as in a picture. As we turned into Grosvenor Street, to look for Number 123, "the stars above," as Lover has it,

> were brightly shining,
> Because—they'd nothing else to do;

and the city seemed wrapped in a delicious but murmurous calm. We found that Mrs. Harriet Law was expounding her theories of the Deity in a chamber three storeys high. To this Alpine summit we climbed laboriously, and, while taking our wind, paid threepence to a beardless philosopher of, perhaps, eighteen summers. In about a minute and a quarter we were made free of, we should say, the very hottest congregation then assembled in the city of Manchester. To step out of the dim labyrinth of staircase into the dazzling glare of gas was rather startling—but the temperature—phew! It was a sirocco. A chemist given to exaggeration would say that you could have lighted a candle at any of us. And we were about two hundred. The chapel (shall we call it a chapel?) is compounded of a couple of bedrooms, and its roof could have been touched by the tips of the fingers of a tall worshipper. As an affair of mere atmosphere, five and twenty persons would have been a crowd. Two hundred made it—warmer than we could have wished. The windows were wide open, but it didn't make any appreciable difference. The place was a practical realization of the doctrine of purgatory. Did we say that there was plenty of gas, and that the light was dazzling? There were so many of us that not a few were in the parliamentary condition of being on our legs for the evening. The audience looked bright, and keen, and sympathetic, but suffered obviously from protracted intervals of botheration. Although they *were* three storeys high, and gasping for oxygen, and perspiring furiously, the audience devoured the lecture with an unfaltering appetite, and, indeed, seemed to be as hungry as ever when it was over. It is a stupendous sort of experience to see two hundred people (all at once) trying to find out whether they ought to believe in God or not! And paying threepence to be admitted into a fiery furnace to do it!

There was the usual lecturing accompaniments of the propagation of independent and heretical opinion. Around the table, where the lecturer and the water bottle congregate, the secularist elders were blandly and patiently diffused. There was the chairman (whom we imagined we had seen before), pale and gracious. There was a flowing beard of silver. There were courageous faces, a little dashed perhaps with the old wonder as to how the Millennium was going to be got at. There was also—sufficiently touching—a reflection of the weary face of my lord Hamlet, prying vainly, but with unconquered eye, into the abyss for a more intelligible version of the universe. Moreover there was a face or two in which the soldier and the philosopher strove for mastery, and where you could imagine you perceived the latent light of battle,

that would not quail before the glance of the Archangel Michael. Besides, there was Mrs. Harriet Law and the water-bottle. Ere the sirocco smote us with its burning breath at the threshold of number 123, and as we stepped slowly up the highest staircase with burglarious noiselessness, we heard a voice. Poor old Lear said of Cordelia, "her voice was ever sweet and low—an excellent thing in a woman." The voice we heard was certainly not Cordelia's. To be sure Cordelia's lectures were never advertised in the *Excaliber and Chimes*. The voice was shrilly colloquial; rather loud and harsh, and, just the least in the world, screamy. It went up and down sharply, but as it went down—into the bass notes—there was a portentous sound of swearing in it. The accent of the voice came, we should imagine, from somewhere in the Midland Counties, perhaps Birmingham. Poor old Paley's name ("Pigeon Paley," as George the Third called him) was pronounced by the voice rather like Poiley, and all similarly sounding words in the same way. It *is* a trifle, but the peculiarity imparts a certain character to a discourse philosophical or otherwise.

When, at last, through the dazzling gaslight we were able to distinguish the proprietor of the accent from the Midland Counties, we saw a rather plump and dumpy lady, between thirty and forty, in a white muslin jacket and a brown skirt, a belt with bright spots of colour upon it, a gold chain and a locket as big as a lady's watch. As she wasn't a tall lecturer, she should know that this kind of toilette cuts the figure in two rather abruptly—which is probably beside the question. A black-haired and dusky brunette in a white muslin jacket has an almost Asiatic appearance. She had a well-built head, a fairly formed mouth, somewhat sternly depressed at the corners, as if used to scolding audiences. There was chin enough, well-arched gloomy eyebrows, and unreflecting, impulsive, perfectly honest eyes.

The lecture? We didn't care about the lecture a bit, nor would you. We cannot say that we really believe that Mrs. Harriet Law intended to shock anyone, or to outrage anybody's natural piety, nor do we, by reproducing fragments of her argument. It must suffice to say, that they who are at all familiar with the controversy to which this lady lecturer seems anxious to contribute have read more and better than we heard at number 123. We may just say, that Mrs. Harriet Law doesn't think that this is "the best possible of worlds," and that, not to put too fine a point upon it, there are several persons living who could make a better. She illustrates the question with curious shrewdness, and has, here and there, just a dash of old Cobbett's saucy and superficial common sense. And she means it. Mrs. Harriet Law sighs for the apotheosis of Comfort, and she is incapable of believing that the divine government of the world is compatible with stomach-ache. We have hinted that the lecturer's manner is very animated. She has a sharply pugnacious gesticulation, and, as it were, goes into the question with her elbows. She has a comical habit of hitting the air in one place strenuously, as if (to use a simile of the Ring) she had got the head of her opponent's argument into chancery, and was "fibbing away" until he was beaten. Without doubt she stands up for her cause like a man, and, in another sphere of combat, might be not improperly designated as "the Slogger."

When we ultimately got out of the reach of the sirocco, into the starry calm of Sunday evening, we tried to get a glimpse of the *raison d'etre* of such a lecturer as Mrs. Harriet Law. We questioned Jupiter, bright, but afar off, and we interrogated the Milky Way. If we may hint a fault, we should say that she is destitute of imagination. In the meantime, we are not going to forget that Stuart Mill has said (in his *Liberty*) that "If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind." This is not a bad reason, perhaps, why "number 123" and Mrs. Harriet Law should put up with the insolence of our "toleration."

HINT TO ANGLERS.

Owing to the filthy condition of the river Irwell no fish can now live in it. If, however, you go out as an inexperienced oarsman, in one of the Regatta Club's outriggers, you are almost certain to catch a *crab*.

NEW NAME FOR MORMONISM.—Brighamy.

CRITICISM.

"Dick," said a friend to me, the other day,
"By Jove, old chap, you're looking very ill."
"Right as a trivet."—"Nay, old fellow, nay!
Be guided now: yourself don't go and kill.
If you asked my opinion, I should say
You're past the reach of powder or of pill.
You're in a galloping consumption, Dick:
It's no use mincing matters: you're not sick,
But you're organically wrong, dear boy.
That it's no worse, I give you joy."

Scarce has my first adviser set me free
Than lo! a second friend approaches. See,
He recognises me. How's this? He starts—
His eyes enlarge—mouth opens—smile departs.
"Dick," he exclaims, "why, what on earth's the matter?"
"Nothing."—"Oh, nonsense! You're pale as death.
Why, your hand shakes, as sure as Gee's a hatter!
You reel about! Ah, ha! You catch your breath!
Dick, your heart's going fast: no doubt about it.
Now, be advised: you can't afford to scout it.
It's sure to kill you; but, with care and quiet,
You may live several years, before it's done.
(Some men contrive to live on next to none).
Be cheerful, and attentive to your diet;
Don't get excited; calmly life enjoy.
Now, keep your spirits up! Ta, ta, old boy."

More terrified than ever, I proceed,
When I perceive another friend in need.
"Hallo," he cries, "how do this morning?—Dick!
Whatever have you been and gone and—why,
Old fellow, what's up? Are you going to die?
Your skin is just as yellow and as thick
As if you were a mummy ready-made.
Old fellow, of your grave you're on the border:
Your liver is completely out of order.
If you don't mind, you'll in the earth be laid.
I've no time to stop talking, but look here—
Your liver's torpid and enlarging fast:
You have good cause the very worst to fear:
If you don't shake it up you'll breathe your last.
Now get a horse, and ride about! Don't die!
A beautiful day, isn't it?—Bye, bye."

I get a horse. I canter down the street.
My first kind counsellor again I meet.
"Ah!" says he, "been investing in a horse?—
A little beauty too, upon my word!"
And straightway grabs its windpipe, when, of course,
To sniff and snort the animal is heard.
"Humph!" he exclaims, relinquishing his hold,
"Pity she's broken-winded. You've been sold!"

Again released, again I canter on,
And soon my second friend I come upon.
"Ho, ho!" he cries, "riding the high horse, eh?
Well, she's a splendid little creature—stay!
By Jove, Dick, have you noticed that near leg?"
Then, seizing hold of it, continues he,
"Just as I thought! She winces! Did you see?
She might as well go on a wooden peg:
For I assure you—and you'll take the hint,
Old fellow, if you're wise—she's got the splint."

I use the spurs, ere quite the fool has done,
And over my third friend I nearly run.
"Confound it, Dick, don't knock a fellow down—
Especially when you've taken his advice.
My word, you've got hold of a handsome brown—
Although I'm sure you've paid too high a price.
So, ho, mare, gently! A nice little tit!

Don't saw her mouth in that way with the bit.
Good gracious, Dick!—Just move a yard or two.
I do declare—Or can it be her shoe?
No, no such luck! Dick, you've been done, I swear.
She's spavined in that off leg, I declare!"

So wags the world—the critic world, I mean.
I rise in body and in mind serene:
I go to bed with constitution shivered—
Consumptive, heart-diseased, and swollen-livered.
Judges discourse to show their wit alone,
Contemptuous of all knowledge but their own.
I buy a filly, sound in wind and limb:
Each critic—'cause she's not been bought by him—
Contemns her—and would have the sale rescinded—
As spavined, got the splint, or broken-winded.

EXPELLED FROM THE SCHILLER ANSTALT.

A CRUEL blow has fallen upon a zealous but misguided member of our staff. A man of lowly but enquiring mind, who evidently found his pleasures where others would have sought in vain, he has been robbed of the only consolation of his life. His youthful studies had made him superficially acquainted with the German language, and the accidents of association had taught him to admire deeply but despairingly the beauties of the German character. Presuming upon these slender qualifications, he ventured to become a humble member of that noble institution in which culture rules gently over conviviality, and which goes by the name of the Schiller Anstalt. There it was that the confusion of many dialects enlarged his knowledge of the tongue which he affected; there it was the German character became the embroidered pattern of his thoughts; there that he nursed his faith in the nobler origin and the grander destiny of the entire human race. Toiling all day in the degrading pursuit of wealth, or burning the midnight oil in the production of rejected contributions, it was sweet to him to snatch an interval of calm but invigorating repose. It was sweet to him to steal to that Tabernacle in the Oxford Road, where ideas which might avert the decadence of the English race were freely exchanged, by men whose political opinions had blossomed beneath the gentle forcing beams of a paternal Prussian rule. Where the anonymous sausage combined with the beer of Vienna, produced on his British stomach a faint mock halo of Vaterlandish enthusiasm. Where the ameliorating influence of strange tobaccos and fantastic pipes, slowly but surely brought about that sympathetic haziness of mind so necessary for the perfect assimilation of Teutonic ideas. Or where, in the Attic Dining Room, a totally novel light was thrown upon the powers of passive endurance of the human stomach. It was sweet to him to sit at the feet of these born thinkers and inhale the perfume of their flowery language. Or he might tear himself away, and, sauntering into the Billiard Room, there behold the English game of pool played with a wariness quite unknown to the ruder English character. Once upon a time a profane Englishman was heard to remark that these princely Germans always played for safety. But he did not know all. He did not know that they were playing threepenny lives. And then when sated with these exciting but, to a poor man, dangerous allurements, he would turn his steps to that calm haunt of the muses, that secluded nursery of genius, the Reading Room. And there, with well-worn Dictionary and a patient mind, would he laboriously ponder over the profound syllogisms of the German Comic papers, shaking his very soul with alien laughter. For he thought it indecent not to display an appreciative intelligence,—such was the love he bore them. And then—alas too soon—with mild but firm command, the exotic day-waiter warned him home, the last, long-lingering guest. On arriving at his modest lodgings, it was his custom to try to re-produce on paper all the wit and wisdom which he had been imbibing at every pore. Tons of it are now lying at our office. It is noble, profound, and witty; but alas! unintelligible.

Thus he interested himself deeply in all that concerned the welfare of the club. He made himself acquainted with its past history. He found that in early infancy it had suffered from most of the disorders incident to unhealthy childhood. It had frequently had convulsions; latterly it was seized with general debility and want of funds, which seemed likely to terminate in a rapid decline. One of the immediate causes appeared to be the quarrel, which raged for several months, as to the propriety of playing at Billiards on the Sunday. And now, in the midst of these subtle and strategic minds, he committed the fatal blunder of being honest. Into this momentous question our impetuous contributor threw himself, with all the generous self-abandonment of youth. No Puritan was he to try and bind in British swaddling clothes that free outgushing spirit that marks the mingled blood of earth's two noblest races, the German and the Jew. But then he knew his countrymen, and shuddered lest the irresistible wrath of outraged Sabbatarianism should rise and sweep away in indiscriminate ruin the good and bad together. Farewell to Geist! Farewell to sausages! Shall sauerkraut perish in the earth? Shall trichinosis be no more? Such thoughts worked madness in his brain, and like a second Curtius he leapt into the gulf. In other words he attended the General Meeting, which was to settle the question. He was stupefied and hurt by the result, and, as was his wont, he rushed home to his Cimmerian apartment, there to chronicle in indelible ink the thoughts which tore his scanty soul. Under the influence of a glass of eau sucrée, the most potent stimulant he ever took, and again calmed by a Turkish cigarette, the only tobacco he knew, he wrote the article entitled "Billiards on Sunday," which appeared in our issue of Oct. 2nd. It is certainly not up to our usual standard in point of brilliancy, and for that we apologize; and yet it is full of the pretty blunders with which innocent simplicity tickles the ears of men of the world—it is awkward with truth. With the perseverance of true modesty he sent this composition to that Editorial cemetery, in which so many of his former offsprings had become buried to him and to the world. By some strange fortune, but probably owing to a mistake as to his handwriting, the contribution escaped being buried in the family tomb. He awoke on the morning when the number appeared, and found himself infamous. He was accused of betraying the confidence of a private club. He was called Judas by men to whom the name should have been endeared by the ties of domestic familiarity.

Now it is only fair to remind our readers that, to all intents and purposes, the Schiller Anstalt is a public and not a private institution. There is no ballot, and anybody, Englishman, Frenchman, or German, can become a member, by walking in and paying a quarterly subscription of eight shillings. The animosity of the members must, therefore, be differently accounted for. They had done a selfish and a disreputable thing, and they shrunk from the public odium which it would excite. And now our unfortunate friend had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing himself become the unconscious benefactor of the club. He had, both in print and in private, lamented the unseemly dissensions which reigned within its walls, and now, oh! irony of fate! he fell himself a victim of returning concord. As when a traveller, in the lonely Brazilian forests, haps on some tribe of strange quadrumani, whose waking life is one continued battle, yet finds them quick to unite against their common enemy. The Elders immediately convene a committee meeting, and pass a vote of censure upon the intruder. Such was the fate of our unlucky friend. By a rule of the club, thirty members have the power to expel an offender, subject, of course, to the endorsement of the committee. By the evening of the day upon which our article appeared, all rivalries were forgotten, and the requisite thirty had subscribed a resolution in which they voted for the expulsion of our colleague on the ground of breach of confidence. This is the first time that this extreme measure has been resorted to, and it is significant of the temper of the Germans in Manchester that it has been directed against an Englishman, and for his behaviour outside the club.

But the justice of their statutes contrasts very beautifully with the intolerance of their executive. It is ordained that, even in this extreme case, both sides shall be heard. Accordingly he was invited by the committee to answer the charge, and a few days ago he appeared before this Sanhedrim. A small square room, a table worthy of a Quarter Sessions, circumstantial-looking pens and ink, nine juvenescent Elders, and an irate counsel for the prosecution elected by the distinguished Thirty. Our criminal friend was asked if he had written the article in the *Sphinx*. He replied that he denied the right of the committee to ask him the question, and therefore he refused to answer it. A quantity

of circumstantial evidence was entered into, which satisfied the committee that our friend was guilty of the article, upon which they gave him the option of acknowledging himself the author and expressing his regret, or of being expelled. Of course our contributor did not deny the authorship. He simply refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the committee over his private actions. For whatever duty he owed to the club, he felt that he owed a still greater obligation to the privacy of the press. Being unable to accede to the request of the committee, he is now formally expelled from the Schiller Anstalt.

The present state of the poor outcast is truly pitiable. With shaven head and counterfeit nose, disguised as his own errand boy, he slinks away from the public gaze in hourly dread of the avenging steel. He has been challenged to fight with every weapon from blunderbusses down to dominoes. But he is no swashbuckler, and declines all arms excepting bolsters, in the use of which early scholastic encounters have made him proficient. One more suggestion, and we leave this theme. We are sorely in want of a new saint, the old ones being somewhat seedy. Our friend is willing, and he will do it as cheap as any man. He will consent to be canonized, for a moderate annuity, under the title of St. Billiardicus.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

ROWDYISM AND THE INSECURITY OF LIFE IN SALFORD.

THE Corporation of Salford are about to apply to Parliament for power to make extensive street improvements in the borough. Better late than never! This news is good news. Some weeks since we had occasion to refer to Greengate, the main thoroughfare between Manchester and Lower Broughton, and we regret to say that the rowdyism which then characterized that neighbourhood, as well as the borough in general, with the assistance, if not connivance, of the police, still exists. When we last alluded to this subject, we gave instances of street fights occurring constantly at mid-day, about the time the factories and workshops were loosed for dinner, and also of similar scenes occurring on Sunday evenings while the church bells were ringing for evening service. It has been our fate to witness similar occurrences recently. A few weeks ago we saw a woman hunted up and down Greengate, shortly after one o'clock p.m., and if she had not been afforded timely shelter by a courageous seller of old books, we firmly believe that she would have been lynched on the spot. The woman, who was said by the spectators to have been misconducting herself, was pursued, kicked, abused, pelted with mud, and struck upon the face by a number of lads, girls, and women, until her features were scarcely distinguishable. The proceedings, a portion of which we witnessed, lasted nearly half-an-hour, but no policeman ever appeared upon the spot during the whole time. Last week, a few minutes after four o'clock p.m., a supposed non-unionist mason had to run for his life, pursued by two or more men in the neighbourhood of Regent Road. Overtaken in Doddington Street, a few yards from Regent Road, the man was knocked down, kicked, and his head bumped against the flag-stones until his skull was smashed, and he was left for dead upon the pavement. The ruffians escaped during the full half-hour whilst a policeman was being sought for. Subsequently the unfortunate man was conveyed to the hospital, where he died in the course of the following morning. On the same afternoon there was another fight, similar to what we described some weeks since, between several women, not far from the scene of the above murder, which lasted for the full average time of a regular prize fight, without the interference of the police. Now that we have pretentious announcements made that substantial improvements are to be made in the streets of Salford, that blind alleys, cellars, no thoroughfares, courts where typhus and all sources of disease abound, are to be demolished, we trust that an organisation like the police force is still to be utilised. We have lately heard of certain dramatic entertainments enacted by the higher officials of the borough, but we strongly suspect that the "force" will prove formidable rivals in the old screaming farce entitled *Number One Round the Corner*.

THE VISIT OF THE HAYMARKET ACTORS.

The Haymarket Company terminated their six weeks' engagement at the Theatre Royal on Saturday last, with Mr. Tom Taylor's play of *The Babes in the Wood*. This and the two representations of *New Men and Old Acres*, and a performance of *Money*, comprised the only novelties during the visit of Mr. Buckstone's company. However, so long as pieces draw excellent audiences, we can scarcely find fault with managers for not changing their programme. As Mr. Buckstone promises us another visit next year, we should be glad to have a few novelties either in the shape of effective new pieces or the revival of some other sterling old comedies. For instance, there is Holcroft's comedy of *The Road to Ruin*, which has very seldom been performed in Manchester of late years, and which is exactly adapted to the resources of the company. In fact, the various characters might almost have been written for the Haymarket actors, and Miss Robertson as Sophia would have fine scope for her exuberant gaiety and abilities. With the exception of Miss Robertson, we are bound to say that the company is scarcely equal to what it was some years since, and while we are disposed to give the manager every credit for the staunchness with which he sticks to his actors, we must admit that a little new blood introduced into his corps dramatique would be of service. It would be rather invidious to mention names, but there is a lugubriousness and beefiness about some of the actors which militate against their otherwise intelligent performances. This does not exactly apply to the actresses, whom Mr. Buckstone changes often—such changes probably arising from a certain capriciousness peculiar to the sex, rather than from a desire on the part of the manager to make alterations. The addition of such actors as Mr. F. Everill and Mr. J. Stoyle, with another *jeune homme* and a good representative of jovial, unctuous old men, would render the company complete and effective. It is somewhat singular that, during the Haymarket Company's visit, good acting accompanied by wretched scenery drew large audiences, while a similar result has been effected by an exactly converse process at the Prince's Theatre.

DESERTED CITY CHURCHES.

We have not yet finished our researches, or described all the edifices of the Establishment which may fairly be classed under the title of "deserted churches." We think we can promise more anon. But it is only fair to the two which have already been brought under the notice of our readers, to say that, with one exception, the value of the livings is the lowest in the city and the adjacent townships. That of St. Clement's is stated in the *Diocesan Calendar* to be no more than £149, and that of St. Mary's £170. The exception referred to is St. Andrew's, Ancoats—by no means a "deserted church"—the value of which living ranks between St. Mary's and St. Clement's, and is set down at £155. Others must decide how far this comparatively inferior income justifies or excuses the existing state of affairs at the churches in the Parsonage and Lever Street. To us it appears strange that no zealous churchman has done for St. Mary's and St. Clement's what the officious Gallagher has accomplished for St. John Baptist's, Hulme, *i.e.*, obtained advice from the Bishop of Manchester. A church, like St. Mary's, that is literally mouldering away from neglect, whose aspect, external and internal, is repellent and discreditable, has surely a fitting claim to his lordship's protection. It adds a touch of irony to the situation to remember that the "patrons" of this melancholy edifice are the Dean and Canons of Manchester.

THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is a strange compound of intellect and gentility. Having a reputation in cruelty to animals questions, it was bound to notice Mr. Freeman's article on the above subject in the *Fortnightly Review*, referred to in these columns last week. Its intellect obviously condemns field sports, yet its gentility cannot bear the thought of breaking with the highly respectable fox-hunting contingent. Accordingly, instead of stating its opinion plainly, it occupies two of its columns in putting various cases from the sportsman's point of view, and in conciliating Mr. Freeman on the other side with sops of praise for courage and research. The misty conclusion which it leaves upon the mind is, that it gently and genteelly disapproves of all field sports—racing, of course, doesn't count—but that it views the less gross forms of sport, whatever they may be, with an equally genteel toleration. "We must connive at a little cruelty to promote so much innocent and healthy

pleasure" seems to be a proposition which in these last cases it agrees with. Here is a curious spectacle. Its intellect perceives that all cruelty is indefensible, but to say so would be death to its gentility. It accordingly reduces the cruelty to a minimum and then excuses it. This may mystify the dull brains of its fox-hunting readers, but its intellectual friends will not be imposed upon, and will proportionately despise it for the clumsy artifice by which it has sought to deceive them.

EN ROUTE TO EGYPT.

SCENE—Express train Paris to Marseilles.

MAYOR.—Now, tell me candidly, whereabouts is Egypt?

ALDERMAN.—Egypt is a country on the north-east of Africa, bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, on the east by Palestine, on the west by the Great Desert, and on the south by Stalybridge and one of the Sidebottoms.

MAYOR.—Come, now, no joking. We are not at the Chamber of Commerce. I ask for information, and, as you are President of the Chamber, you ought to be well up in geography as well as in coinage, rates of exchange, and general reciprocity.

ALDERMAN.—All right. Talking of coinage, you know our expenses are to be paid. Upon this point I was particular, as I have been done before now. So if any of the Arabs say to you "Baksheesh," you can tell them that it is charged in the bill.

MAYOR.—Nothing will delight me more. But suppose I want change for sixpence. What would you do if you were me?

ALDERMAN.—The native coin is a "faddah," equal to $\frac{8}{240}$ of a farthing; so you can make your own calculation. If you fail, you will probably go "faddah" and fare worse.

MAYOR.—At it again! Why not throw some of these humourous remarks into your public speeches, which are generally heavy enough?

ALDERMAN.—Probably because I don't write them beforehand and read them from MS.

MAYOR.—Well, well, no reflections. Tell me, now, what shall we do when we get to this Canal? I think Rumney would have done better for this job, as he has been in America.

ALDERMAN.—The Easterns don't like eloquent men. The Egyptians are a silent and thoughtful people. They dislike preachers and have taken to pyramids.

MAYOR.—By the way, I had almost forgotten the Pyramids. I suppose we shall see them?

ALDERMAN.—The Pyramids are not included in the programme which Browning gave me. If you go it will be at your own expense. I may mention that a pyramid would be rather a large design for furnitures.

MAYOR.—And I may respectfully remark that the blocks of stone of which the Pyramids are built must not be carted away to Ardwick.

ALDERMAN.—Have you a spirit-flask in your dressing-bag?

MAYOR.—With pleasure. Take a drink.

ALDERMAN.—Your health. Willocks?

MAYOR.—Thanks. Yes! You have not answered my question, what we shall have to do when we get there.

ALDERMAN.—We must represent Manchester at this great international event.

MAYOR.—But how? Who will know that we are representing Manchester?

ALDERMAN.—Everyone who hears us speak.

MAYOR.—But will there be speaking? I have no writing materials with me.

ALDERMAN.—Then take a papyrus, which is the writing material of the country—a sort of blotting-pad.

MAYOR.—What language do they talk in Alexandria—Italian or French?

ALDERMAN.—The traders speak Italian; the gentlemen—like you and me—Coptic!

MAYOR.—Coptic! That sounds rather like Lancashire. Cop—Coptic. Is it Warp Coptic, or Pincoptic?

ALDERMAN.—Come, now, I say, John, we are not dining at Cheetham Hill.

MAYOR.—Well, I don't mean anything. What is the use of airing your crams upon me. Coptic, indeed! You must have been laying down draining tiles under some Encyclopedia or other.

ALDERMAN.—You'll know more about all this in a week or two. After the Pasha has proposed our healths, and we have responded in Arabic, and the ceremony of this Canal is over, what say you to a trip on the Nile to shoot Ibises or Ibi?

MAYOR.—Shall have no objection. But how about alligators, which Mrs. Malaprop says abound on the banks of the Nile?

ALDERMAN.—Oh, blow the alligators! You forget that I have contested a borough.

MAYOR.—I suppose there are none of the Pharaohs left in Egypt now?

ALDERMAN.—As a class they have ceased to exist, but a few individuals of that name are still to be found up the country, though in very reduced circumstances. They are now called fellahs, and some of them are very low fellahs indeed.

MAYOR.—Is there a colourable pretext for calling the Red Sea red?

ALDERMAN.—The colour of the Red Sea is not fast, if that is what you mean, altho' it is often warranted so. Do you catch my meaning?

MAYOR.—I shall catch you a corker in your earhole if you say that again.

ALDERMAN.—John, I shall do you a fearful injury if you become offensive. Remember, the eyes of Europe are upon us.

MAYOR.——— the eyes of Europe!

(Pulls his travelling cap over his own and snores.)

AN EVENING WITH THE GENTLEMEN'S GLEE CLUB.

"HALF-PAST Six," said our ticket. "Six-thirty, sharp!" said our host. By the way, they are *all* hosts in the Gentlemen's Glee Club. Out of one hundred and seventeen gentlemen who sat down to supper this evening, sixty-four were strangers:—fifty-three members, and eleven more guests than hosts! Surely, the club has every chance of entertaining angels unawares. "Rather more strangers than usual," observed the Treasurer, as we came away, "but still we always have a good number." It seems to us they would have more were it not for a rule printed on our ticket, to the effect that no stranger can be admitted more than once in the same session. To have been this "once," is to wish the rule altered. Selfish, but very natural, considering the attractions which the club has to offer.

It was five and twenty minutes to seven when we entered the Albion, entered in hot haste, supposing ourselves to be late, and expecting to meet the reproachful glances of our host for disregarding his injunctions. Instead thereof, we found ourselves in capital time. The concert did not actually commence until seven. Nevertheless, our host's caution was a wise one. Better half-an-hour too early than one minute too late at the Gentlemen's Glee Club. The chairs filled rapidly, and visitors who were—we won't say too late, but too punctual—paid the unpleasant penalty of having to stand. The club arrangements are very simple. Three long tables down the room. A fourth table at their head, placed cross-ways. Behind this again a platform, slightly raised. On the platform a piano. Down each side of each table, chairs. Opposite each chair, a programme. In the centre of the top table, the president's desk. Sundry notices about the room, warning gentlemen against attempting to secure places beforehand by tilting

the chairs forward. Otherwise, the Albion Dining Room was the usual dining room still.

We took our seat and programme. It appeared, on enquiry, that a chair, once occupied, was considered as engaged during the whole evening; possession by proxy, or by previous tilting, being, however, prohibited, as the notices above referred to had already informed us. We further learnt that the proceedings at each meeting are under the control of a president and two vice-presidents. The president has (even as we have seen) a desk; also a hammer, wherewith he knocks on the desk before the commencement of each glee; also an introductory speech to make; also to propose the healths of the strangers present—in short, a great deal of knocking and speaking throughout the evening. The vice-presidents have each a hammer, but simply as a badge of office, and for no specific use, so far as we could discover. Possibly occasion may arise, now and again, to supplement the rat-tat-tat of the president, but this evening the vice-presidents and their hammers were more for ornament than use.

Shortly after seven, the President gave his preliminary knock, and opened the proceedings with a short speech. It was not only short but to the point. He congratulated the club on the commencement of their thirty-sixth session; he announced that a new rule had been adopted with regard to the vocalists, *i.e.*, that the whole staff would sing at each meeting, instead, as heretofore, some at one concert, some at another; he also announced that Mr. Goodwin had been chosen as conductor and pianist, that the treasurer would be happy to receive the members' subscriptions between the parts, and, finally, that the evening's entertainment would commence, as customary at the first meeting of each session, with Webbe's "time-honoured" glee of Glorious Apollo. He spake, and forthwith we had Glorious Apollo, gloriously rendered, and the members lifted up their voices and joined in the chorus in a style which showed it was not the first time they had invoked the god of song. Then down fell the president's hammer again, and there followed a glee for five voices, "O bird of eve," and next a magnificent one of Cooke's, from *Ossian;* and we listened, more and more delighted, to a programme admirably selected and admirably sung. There was our old favourite, "As it fell upon a day," and a lively part-song of Macfarren's, "Adieu, love! adieu, love!" the melody of which made ample amends for the words; and after this came a chorus glee, "Merry boys, away! away!" given in most spirited fashion, and we could scarcely believe that an hour had flown away. The first part was over. Glee and madrigal were hushed for fifteen minutes, while the audience poured into the passages and coffee-room of the hotel, refreshed themselves, and chatted. We followed our leaders, deeply pondering. The President had announced, at the close of the last piece, that, in consequence of certain remonstrances on the part of certain members, the time for supper would be lengthened from fifteen to thirty minutes, and, therefore, that the second part of the programme would be commenced more punctually than usual. We repeat that we pondered deeply. What sort of supper could it be which, at every meeting for thirty-five sessions, in other words since A.D. 1834, had been consumed in fifteen minutes? It was a problem which we almost feared to test by experience.

Duly refreshed, we all streamed back again into the club-room, and (we speak for ourselves) "drank in sweet melody with raptured ear." In sober prose, the second part of the programme was even better than the first, and both were excellent. Mr. Goodwin may be congratulated on having inaugurated his connection with the G. G. C. with such a selection of really good music, including one or two novelties which we trust soon to call old friends. One of these last, a chorus by Kücken, "Come, Dorothy, come," was simply delicious, and, we are happy to say, met with a warm encore. Then we had two beautiful glees by Stevenson, and Walmisley's "I wish to tune my quivering lyre," all three admirably sung. Tut, tut! why run through a string of titles? Suffice it, that the second hour vanished more quickly than the first one; and we could almost have quarrelled with the waiters, who immediately appeared upon the scene, and commenced laying cloths and spreading knives and forks, like men possessed, while we all poured out of the room for the second time, and waited for the supper.

Of that supper let us speak with remorseful gratitude. We had slandered it in imagination. It was excellent; as excellent in its way as the music. Pigeon pies, spiced beef, sausages and potatoes, fowl, cheese, and celery. The choir sang grace for us, and we fell to like men who knew that time was fleeting. Now, really and truly, we must utter a respectful protest. Is the club in league with the doctors? Are the members gifted with patent extra-power high-pressure jaws, and cast-iron stomachs? Is it right to put a good supper before a hungry guest, and compel him to eat away, as if the Albion were Rugby or Peterboro' Station, and the bell was just about to ring him back into his carriage. The pigeon pies, spiced beef and Co., were done with in about sixteen or seventeen minutes; the cheese and celery vanished in about five minutes more; the waiters were clearing the tables in twenty-five minutes from the time of starting! "Why, dear me," said our right-hand neighbour, "this is nothing to what used to be. Didn't you hear the president give notice that the time allowed for supper had been doubled?" We *had* heard the notice, but how human food could be consumed by human mouths, in quicker time than we and our neighbours had got through our supper, we knew not, and know not now. As to the waiters, they fairly flew round the tables. If we wanted a good servant, we would certainly send him to wait at a few suppers of the Gentlemen's Glee Club.

After supper, grog. Smoking not allowed. With the grog more music: three-quarters of an hour of songs and glees, apparently volunteered by the choir, or at any rate, not set down in the programme. The lady vocalists did not appear again, but we had all the eight gentlemen. "Crows in a corn field," "Nina," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and so forth, and the three-quarters of an hour had gone, and with them our grog, and visit to this Manchester Club of Clubs. Let us not forget that the health of the strangers was duly proposed, drunk, and responded to. It was strange to see a majority of the audience rising in acknowledgment of the honour done them by their hosts. We seemed all guests together.

It was about a quarter to eleven as we left the hotel, with "Come, come, Dorothy, come," ringing still in our ears, and the pleasant feeling of a pleasant evening pleasantly spent accompanying us during our walk home. "Four vacancies still," had said the president, "five new members this evening, but four vacancies still." Mechanically we felt our consumptive purse, and wished——Well, never mind, perhaps our ship may come in some day, and then——But, after all, a guinea and a half (which we believe to be the subscription) is no large sum, save and except to poor scribblers.

We have mentioned none of the choir by name. Intentionally. Where *all* do so well, it is worse than invidious to particularize. From the veteran Edmundson to the newly-joined Miss Tomlinson and Mr. Lightoller, all the vocalists of the Gentlemen's Glee Club are too deserving of praise to need any.

THE GREAT DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

CHAPTER THIRD AND LAST.

ON his arrival at Worsley, the Duke of Bridgewater made a new acquaintance, who proved to be of the utmost value in promoting, executing, and improving, his plans. This was James Brindley, the Derbyshire craftsman's son, a "heaven-born" engineer, if ever there was one. Brindley's biography would deserve a gallery to itself, and, in these limits, only the scantiest outline of it can be given. Born in 1716, three miles to the north-east of Buxton, the son of a poor cottier, James Brindley was some twenty years the elder of the great and wealthy Duke when their memorable connection began. His father was not only poor, but worthless and reckless, and Brindley's upbringing was of the meagrest and harshest. "His mechanical bias, however," says his latest biographer, "early displayed itself, and he was especially clever with his knife, making models of mills, which he set to work in little mill-streams of his contrivance. It is said that one of the things in which he took most delight when a boy was to visit a neighbouring grist mill and examine its water-wheels, cog-wheels, drum-wheels, and other attached machinery, until he could carry away the details in his head; afterwards imitating the arrangements by means of his knife and such little bits of wood as he could obtain for the purpose." This was all the "technical education" that the young Brindley ever had, bestowed on himself by himself in the intervals, probably, of the meanest rustic drudgery. At thirteen he was apprenticed to a millwright near Macclesfield, and when he had served his time, and started at Leek as a millwright on his own account, he began to show, in the humble sphere in which his lot was cast, the most extraordinary mechanical skill. Two things were noted of him at his start in life. One was, that his work being more strongly done, and his charges consequently higher, than his neighbours', he obtained at first but a moderate share of business. The other was, that not only did he do most thoroughly whatever he undertook, but that he was ever on the alert to suggest mechanical improvements, plans for the abridgement of labour or the diminution of the power required. In mill-work, and the construction of machinery for working and pumping mines, he was ever suggestive, so that he was known in his own county as "the schemer," while at the same time he executed the humblest details of handicraft, having at first to fell his own timber and cut it where it grew. Thus by degrees his fame spread, and in 1758, the year before the Duke's arrival at Worsley, Brindley was employed in the survey, made under Lord Gower's auspices, for the canal between the Mersey and the Trent, formerly mentioned. What more natural than that Lord Gower or his steward should direct the attention, the one of his brother-in-law, the other of his brother, John Gilbert, to the inventive and skilful mechanic? The canal between the Trent and the Mersey did not seem likely to become more than a project, and here was Brindley, with his head full of "novocion," as he called it in his memoranda, published in the life of him by Mr. Smiles, to which this sketch is much indebted. Brindley could just read and write, but spelling was always beyond him. He had lacked not only "technical" but the most ordinary education, a fact which, in these days above all, is worth reflecting on.

The Duke of Bridgewater at once saw that Brindley was the very man for him. In the July of 1759, Brindley was on one of what proved to be many visits at the Old Hall of Worsley, taking counsel with the Duke and Gilbert—taking counsel we say, though, as the event proved, Brindley gave more of it than he received. He had made what figures in his own peculiar orthography as an "ochilor servey or a reconnitoring" of and on the ground over which the proposed canal from Worsley to Manchester was to run, and he decided on recommending a plan differing materially from that which had been fixed on by the Duke. The canal was no longer to go down to the Irwell and up the other side again, with the aid of locks in both cases. It was to be carried right over the river on an aqueduct of stone, after passing across a huge embankment on the north side of the Irwell; thus the locks on either side would be done without, and their delays and cost be saved. Simple and easy as the execution of such a project may seem now, it was regarded as one of stupendous magnitude then. The outside world laughed at the notion of an aqueduct carried over a stream: it was an idle dream, and the engineer called in to give an impartial opinion on the scheme talked contemptuously of "castles in the air." But Brindley remained unshaken, and so, to his credit, was the Duke, though his purse alone had to bear the certain expense and the possible loss, and there were no shareholders to divide either of them with him, no "calls" to fall back upon for aid. The works once begun, Brindley's inexhaustible ingenuity was shown at every turn. From his tunnelling the hill near Worsley to connect the canal with the Duke's various coal-workings, from his application of clay-puddle to prevent the water from soaking through its earthen embankments, to his invention of a new lime for the extensive masonry required, and his construction of a crane and its ingenious machinery to lift the coal through a shaft in the high ground at Manchester, at the terminus of the canal, thus saving the buyers from having to drag their coals up the hill—his inventive power was triumphant in great things as in small. On the 17th of July, 1761, the first boat-load of coals was borne smoothly along the Barton aqueduct. The "castle in the air" was realized, and visitors from all parts flocked to see what at once became one of the wonders of England. Nor was this, like the Thames Tunnel, a mere spectacle for the curious. The average price of coal at Manchester, not to speak of other commodities, was reduced one half. The construction of the canal is estimated to have cost a thousand or so pounds a mile, and it was not very long before the Duke began to reap a profitable harvest from his courage, his enterprise, and his faith in the uncouth and unlettered Brindley.

The canal from Worsley to Manchester had scarcely been completed, and its pecuniary results had not been ascertained, when the Duke and Brindley took the field again, for a much longer and more difficult campaign than their first one. This time it was a canal from Longford Bridge to Runcorn, to connect Liverpool with Manchester. On the execrable roads between the two towns, the transport of goods, when it could be effected at all, cost forty shillings a ton, and about twelve shillings per ton was charged when they were conveyed by the "improved" navigation of the Mersey and the Irwell, which, however, required spring-tides here, freshes there, while in winter the floods sometimes stopped it altogether. The Duke's projected canal to Runcorn provoked not only a repetition of the ridicule which had greeted the announcement of his first enterprise, but the powerful and obstructive hostility of those personally interested in opposing it. The bill, however, was passed through parliament, and then came the difficulties of execution, difficulties even more financial than mechanical. The latter were great enough, in the then state of engineering, for Brindley determined on having one continuous level of water until he approached Runcorn, when the whole descent was to be effected by a long series of locks. This necessitated embankments much greater than those at Barton; then, to quote one instance out of many, to carry the canal over Sale Moor Moss presented most formidable difficulties, and so lively was the appreciation of these generally, that the nick-name of the Duke's Folly was bestowed on a tall poplar tree at Dunham Banks, on which a board had been nailed showing the height of the canal. But Brindley surmounted all engineering difficulties; the greatest of them he met by remaining for two or three days in bed, and in silence and solitude wrestling with them until, as the angel was vanquished by Jacob, they succumbed to his earnest effort. But, though Brindley's inventiveness and sleepless care economized as far as he could—his own wages while he was in the Duke's service were only a guinea a week!—money was needed continually to pay the workmen and for the works, as well as the compensation to owners for the land compulsorily purchased from them under the act—and money it became exceedingly difficult to procure. The Duke wasted none upon himself, cutting down personal expense until his whole establishment cost only £400 a year! The public and local disbelief in the possibility of his success of course told against his credit, and at last he could not "get a bill for £500 cashed in either Liverpool or Manchester." Many a Committee of Ways and Means was held by the Duke, Gilbert, and Brindley, over their pipes and ale, in a small public house (standing within the memory of living men, perhaps still standing now) on the Moss, a mile and a half from Worsley, and many a time had Gilbert to "ride round among the tenantry of the neighbouring districts and raise five pounds here and ten pounds there, until he had gathered together enough to pay the week's wages." One thing the Duke would not do, and that was mortgage his hereditary estates, and every other resource seemed exhausted, when at last, his canal from Worsley to Manchester beginning to bring in a large annual income, he rode to London and

was successful in arranging with the banking house of Child and Co., on that security, for advances which enabled him to complete his great undertaking. The whole sum thus advanced was only £25,000, and that expended on all his canal operations was £220,000, less than a single year's income of more than one English nobleman of the present day, whom the Duke of Bridgewater's enterprise has helped to enrich. The revenue yielded by the Duke's canals reached eventually £80,000 a year.

In 1767, some five years after the passing of the Act, the new canal to Runcorn, about twenty-eight miles in length, was finished, with the exception of the series of locks which lead down to the Mersey. A lucrative traffic on the rest of the water-way had been increasing the Duke's resources when, six years or so later, the Runcorn locks, too, were finished, and Liverpool and Manchester fairly brought together. On the last day of 1772, the locks were opened, and while some hundreds of the Duke's workmen feasted at his expense on the bank, and amid the acclamations of a multitude of spectators gathered together from near and far, the *Heart of Oak*, a vessel of 50 tons burden, passed through on its way to Liverpool. The Duke's canal-making, at least on any great scale, was at an end, and he was only 36. In developing the resources which he had created there was still much for him to do, and he did it. He bought the land with coal seams adjoining Worsley, and expended nearly £170,000 in forming subterranean tunnels for the egress of the coals, and the underground canals connecting the various workings at least extended to forty miles in length. From the first he had been in the habit of actively superintending the works along the line, and to the last his canals were uppermost in his thoughts. Just before his death he was about to try on them the experiment of steam navigation, and long before he had introduced passenger-boats. Meanwhile, Brindley and others were, with the aid of the share system and the associated capital of joint-stock companies, extending to the rest of the kingdom the benefits of the system of inland navigation which the Duke of Bridgewater had begun, single-handed. The Grand Trunk Canal connected the Mersey with the Trent, and by and by other extensions united the ports of Liverpool, Hull, and Bristol. As it became evident that wherever they went canals enriched and expanded old industry, created centres of new, benefitted alike manufactures and agriculture, the mill-owner and the ship-owner, and, above all, were immensely profitable to the constructors, there arose a canal mania, resembling in kind, if not in degree, the railway mania of later days. It began about the time of the first French Revolution, and was attended by the usual mixture of good and evil results, general gain and individual loss. More than two thousand six hundred miles of canal navigation in England alone opened up the country, and brought together producer and consumer, raw material and the machinery and industry by which it is worked up, the manufactory and the sea-port. Nor has the canal been displaced by the railway. According to the late Lord Ellesmere, at a time when the Duke of Bridgewater was beginning to reap the profit of his perseverance and sacrifices, Lord Kenyon congratulated him on the result. "Yes," he replied, "we shall do well enough if we can keep clear of these d—d tramroads," a saying which, if mistaken in one sense, contained prophesy of the greatness of railways. "The canals, however," says Mr. Smiles, "have stood the competition of railways far more successfully than the old turnpike roads, though these, too, are still in their way as indispensable as canals and railways themselves. Not less than twenty millions of traffic are estimated to be carried annually upon the canals of England alone, and this quantity is steadily increasing. In 1835, before the opening of the London and Birmingham Railway, the through tonnage carried on the Grand Junction Canal was 310,475 tons; and in 1845, after the railway had been open for ten years, the tonnage carried on the canal had increased to 480,626 tons. At a meeting of proprietors of the Birmingham Canal Navigations, held in October, 1860, the chairman said "the receipts for the last six months were, with one exception, the largest they had ever had."

From a slim youth, the Duke of Bridgewater became in middle and later age a large and corpulent man. His features are said to have borne a strong resemblance to those of George III. He was careless in his dress, and usually wore a suit of brown—"something of the cut of Dr. Johnson's," with dark drab breeches, fastened at the knee with silver buckles. His chief luxury was tobacco, which he used both ways, being a great smoker, while "out of doors, he snuffed, and he would pull huge pinches out of his right waistcoat pocket, and thrust the powder up his nose, accompanying the operation with strong, short snorts." As he loved the useful, so he despised the ornamental, and would allow no conservatories or flower gardens at Worsley. And on his return from a visit to London, "finding some flowers which had been planted in his absence, he whipped their heads off, and ordered them to be rooted up." Yet he collected, probably thinking it a good investment, one of the finest and most valuable picture galleries in Europe. He was rough in speech, and from long contact with his workmen "thee'd and thou'd," after the fashion of the district. Reading and conversation he cared little for; he never wrote a letter when he could help it. His antagonism to the fair sex, after his disappointment, he carried so far that he would not allow a woman-servant to wait upon him. To those whom he employed he was a good and just master, though a precise and stern one. He looked well after the housing of his willing workers, and the schooling of their children; he established shops and markets for them, and took care they contributed to a sick club. Of his feeling for the poor one curious little anecdote survives, and is thus told by Mr. Smiles, in connection with the Duke's love of travelling by his own passage-boats from Worsley. "He often went by them to Manchester, to watch how the coal trade was going on. When the passengers alighted at the coal wharf, there were usually many poor people about, wheeling away their barrow-loads of coals. One of the Duke's regulations was that whenever any deficiency in the supply was apprehended, those people who came with their wheelbarrows, baskets, and aprons, for small quantities, should be served first, and waggons, carts and horses, sent away until the supply was again abundant." On great occasions, in spite of his private economy and even parsimony, he showed a princely liberality, and when his country was thought to be in danger, he subscribed a thousand pounds to the "Loyalty Loan." He died in London after a short illness, brought on by a cold, on the 8th of March, 1803. His funeral was, by his own desire, the simplest possible, and his body was deposited in the family vault at Little Sudderden, near Ashbridge, his magnificent seat, in Hertfordshire. The sixth earl, he was the third, the last, and the only bachelor Duke of Bridgewater. The earldom went to his cousin, Edward Egerton, and from him to the eighth earl, the originator of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, who died "in the odour of eccentricity," at Paris, in 1829, and with whom the earldom, too, became extinct. To his successor in the earldom, the great Duke of Bridgewater bequeathed Ashbridge: other estates and valuable property he left to his nephew, the second Marquis of Stafford and first Duke of Sutherland, while his canal property was devolved (under trust) to that nobleman's second son, Lord Francis Egerton, afterwards first Earl of Ellesmere, and grandfather of the present noble owner of Worsley.

Not inappropriately, the last Duke of Bridgewater has been called the "first great Manchester man." In the graceful tribute to his memory, of which we have already so often availed ourselves, the first Earl of Ellesmere says:—"We are far from supposing that if he had never lived England could long have remained contented with primitive modes of intercourse inadequate to her growing energies. Brindley himself might have found other patrons, or, if he had pined for want of such, Smeatons, Fultons, and Telfords might have arisen to supply his place. But for the happy conjunction, however, of such an instrument with such a hand to wield it, inland navigation might long have had to struggle with the timidity of capitalists, and for a long time, at least, would perhaps have crept along obsequious to inequalities of surface and the sinuosities of natural water-courses. When we trace on the map the present artificial arterial system of Britain, some 110 lines of canal, amounting in length to 2,400 miles—when we reflect on the rapidity of the creation, how soon the junction of the Worsley coal-field with its Manchester market was followed by that of Liverpool with Hull, and Lancashire with London—we cannot but think the Duke's matrimonial disappointment ranks with other cardinal passages in the lives of eminent men, with the majority of nine which prevented the projected emigration of Cromwell, and the hurricane which scattered Admiral Christian's fleet, and drove back to the Downs the vessel freighted with Sir Arthur Wellesley and his fortunes."

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The following friends of the movement are expected to take part:

The Most Rev. ARCHBISHOP MANNING.
The Ven. Archdeacon SANDFORD, B.D., Hon. Canon of Worcester.
Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Bart., M.P.
Sir JOHN BARRINGTON, D.L., Dublin.
Mr. R. DALWAY, Esq., M.P.
Dr. BREWER, M.P.
HUGH BIRLEY, Esq., M.P.
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THOMAS WHITWORTH, Esq., M.P.
SAMUEL POPE, Esq., Q.C., Recorder of Bolton.
Rev. S. F. GREEN, B.A., St. John's, Miles Platting.
ARTHUR PEASE, Esq., Darlington.
W. T. BLACKLOCK, Esq., J.P., Salford.
Rev. DANIEL ROWLANDS, M.A.
Bailie DAVID LEWIS, Edinburgh.

The Chair will be taken by
The Rev. Dr. TEMPLE, of RUGBY.

Admission by Ticket:—Reserved Seats, One Shilling: Gallery and Body of Hall, Free; to be obtained at the Alliance Offices, and the following places:—

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Registered Seats may be secured 1s. 6d. each.
Doors open at Six, and Chair to be taken at Seven o'clock prompt.
*** *The General Council will sit in the Assembly Room from Ten to Three.*
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A HUMOURIST'S LIMITS.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

I wrote some lines, once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me—
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon a grin.

He read the next—his grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third—a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth—he broke into a roar;
The fifth—his wristband split;
The sixth—he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eyes,
I watched that wretched man;
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

An INTERVIEW with Mr. CARLYLE.

AN American, who has been visiting Mr. Carlyle at Chelsea, sends an account of the interview to the *New York Tribune*. He writes:—"The conversation of Mr. Carlyle, like that of Coleridge, as his visitors have frequently remarked, is principally monologue. This appears to arise not so much from indifference to his guests as from absorption in his theme. He talks like one of Goethe's demoniac men, who is taken possession of by some superior force, and speaks only as the spirit gives him utterance. You listen to him as to a weird and mighty power of Nature, and would no more think of interrupting him than of staying the course of the whirlwind or of arresting the current of Niagara. He leaps from point to point, as the lightning on the Alps, not winding at his 'own sweet will,' but hurled like lava from a volcano. His discourse presents a strange agglomeration of wisdom, humour, prejudice, kindly sentiments, bitter antipathies, pointed sayings, curious fantasies, prophetic announcements, indignant protests, oddly mingled in a many-coloured sparkling torrent of impetuous words. He seems to take a secret delight in his own thoughts and fancies, as if they had struck him for the first time, and sometimes chuckles over them with a burst of unearthly laughter, as if he had just heard them from some spirit of the air. His fits of glee are infantile in their vehemence, though usually sardonic in their character. The fine veil of irony which pervades his writings gives equal pungency to his conversation. It is doubtless the natural expression of his intense earnestness of feeling, which can only find sufficient vent in persiflage and extravagance. On this account Mr. Carlyle is often misunderstood. In listening to his talk you must constantly keep in mind the intention of the speaker, without putting too literal a construction on his words. Nor can you hold him to a rigid account, as you would a man who

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expresses himself with more deliberate purpose, and whose words are the symbols of his will. Mr. Carlyle gives you little idea of a conscious personality, subject to the control of reason, and acting from choice and volition; he seems, rather, some grand pantheistic force. 'As sure as the Lord reigns,' said he, 'you are rushing down to hell with desperate velocity. The scum of the world has got possession of your country, and nothing can save you from the devil's clutches. Not, perhaps,' cried he, raising his voice to its shrillest notes, 'a hell burning with material fire and brimstone, but the wide weltering fiery chaos of corruption in high places, and the misrule of the people. A fine republic that! England follows in the train, and is even now on the brink of the infernal precipice—and hell below.' Of course, I could make no reply to these 'prophetic sounds so full of woe, but waited in serene silence for the tempest to pass over. He soon subsided into a more genial humour, and discoursed blandly and wisely on many topics of common interest."

THE IRWELL.

THE Salford papers *(Weekly News* and *Chronicle)* report that at the last meeting of the Town Council of the borough, Mr. Councillor Edward Harrison asked the mayor whether the report of the Rivers Pollution Commissioners had been yet received, and, if not, how soon it might be expected. He said they were drifting into a very large expenditure for the prevention of floods, and all the time overlooking the still more important object of purifying the river. Such a flood as occurred in 1866 was a very rare event—once in half a century—though no one would deny the great damage to property and the detriment to health thus occasioned; but the sanitary state of the river was a chronic, constant, daily, nightly, hourly source of disease and death amongst the entire community. They should be careful in what they were about, and until some measure was resolved upon for the purification of the river they should not launch into any expensive scheme for the mere prevention of rare floods. Since the mayor had had a taste of the quality of the river, he would no doubt be more wishful to have some remedy applied. His worship had good company on that occasion, of course, and he understood they were all "in at it." (Laughter.) He hoped they would see their way clear in the report when it did come to adopt some efficient remedy of this great and scandalous evil—a remedy which would prevent any having to say, in the language of the *Sphinx* the other week—

> Round about the cauldron go,
> In the ammonia water throw,
> Smelling gas and inky pitch,—
> Churn them up in the filthy ditch.
> Carcases of drowned dogs,
> Loathsome toads and spawn of frogs,
> Strangled cats, and Chadwick's smoke,
> Fumes from copper works and coke,
> Refuse of a former flood,
> Sulphur, chemicals, and mud
> Kneaded into fever cake,
> In the cauldron boil and bake.
> Puddle, puddle, death-rate double,
> Fitz-Darby's fads and turnpike trouble.

(Much laughter followed the recital of these line.)

The MAYOR said the matter was in the hands of the commissioners, of whom Sir William Denson was chairman. The river had been well inspected, and samples of its quality taken all along the course. When in Salford Sir William said he believed they would be able to present their report to government in June last. Nothing had been heard of it since, however, and he was afraid it would be too late for legislation in the next parliament. He wished to observe, however, that the Salford Corporation was not answerable for the condition of the river. The filthy state of the Irwell was caused by the sewage coming down from the towns up the river, and it would be impossible for the Salford Corporation to take any effective steps for the purification of this part of the Irwell until some comprehensive regulations were adopted by parliament, which should prevent the towns higher up the stream from depositing sewage and refuse into the river, to the great detriment of the other towns along its course. The whole basin of the Irwell had been inspected by the commission, and when any scheme for purification was to be adopted it must be a general one, so as to cure the evil from its source.

UNFIT FOR HUMAN HABITATION.

IT is satisfactory, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to see one vestry doing its duty. The Marlyebone vestry has determined to exercise the powers vested in them under the Artizans and Labourers' Dwellings Act, and have peremptorily ordered some miserable houses in York-court to be entirely demolished, on the ground that they are utterly unfit for human habitation. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of the agent of Lord Portman, to whom the freehold belongs, the vestry, although they consented to suspend proceedings for a fortnight, declined to rescind their order for demolition. We fear that this delay of a fortnight will cost a few more lives, for Dr. Whitmore observed that fever was so prevalent in York-court that he could not say what sacrifice of life might take place if the houses remain tenanted; but it is pleasant to know that the power of the local authority will for the first time, and we hope not for the last be exercised for the good of the community. We hope other vestries will speedily follow this good example. Unfortunately, in too many cases the owners of the houses in these dens have managed to get themselves constituted members of the vestries, in order to prevent the sanitary laws being carried into effect. What is really wanted is some authority entirely independent of parochial interests, who will turn light upon some of these foul receptacles of filth and disease, and make the vestries do their duty. The medical officers, as a rule, seem to be getting fully alive to the necessity of action; on the other hand, in some districts they shrink from advising a course which they know will be unpalatable to the local boards, and it is to be feared that many of the pestilential courts in the metropolis will escape the extinction they so urgently require, until some more simple and efficacious machinery is adopted for dealing with their owners.

AN INCOME TAX INTERVIEW.—Michael Kelly, in 1806, appears to have posed the commissioners of the income tax in making his return of pursuits and emoluments. In the pride of his heart he returned his income at £500 yearly; but the commissioners were not contented, and urged that his various employments must bring him in twice or thrice that annual sum. Here is Michael's account of his interview:—"Sir," said I, "I am free to confess I have erred in my return, but vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having £500 per annum, when, in fact, I have not five hundred pence of certain income."—"Pray, sir," said the commissioner, "are you not stage-manager of the opera-house?"—"Yes, sir," said I, "but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office. I perform its duties to gratify my love of music."—"Well, but Mr. Kelly," continued my examiner, "you teach?"—"I do, sir," answered I, "but I have no pupils."—"I think," observed another gentleman, who had not spoken before, "that you are an oratorio and concert singer?"—"You are quite right," said I to my new antagonist, "but I have no engagement"—"Well, but at all events," observed my first inquisitor, "you have a very good salary at Drury Lane?"—"A very good one, indeed, sir," answered I; "but then it is never paid."—"But you seem to have always a fine benefit, sir?" said the other, who seemed to know something of theatricals. "Always, sir," was my reply; "but the expenses attending it are very great, and whatever profit remains after defraying them, is mortgaged to liquidate debts incurred by building my saloon. The fact is, I am at present very like St. George's Hospital—supported by voluntary contribution—and have even less certain income than I felt sufficiently vain to return."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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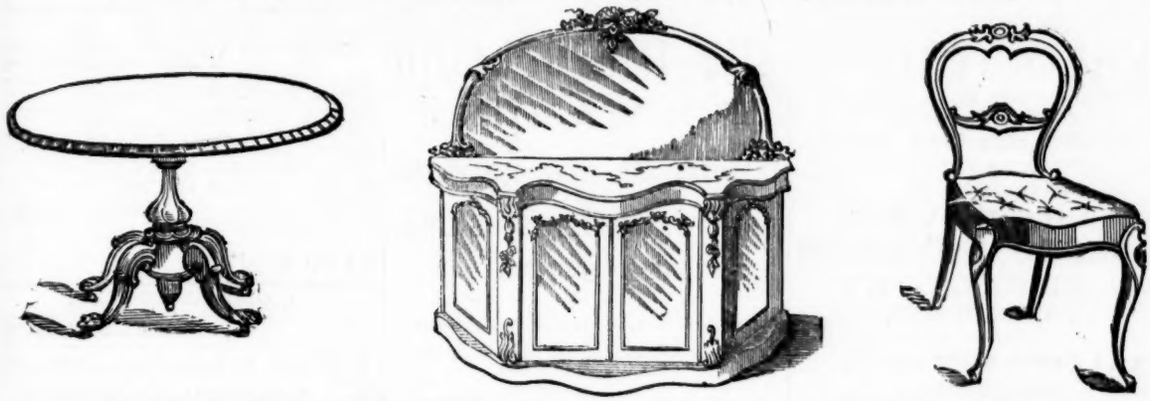

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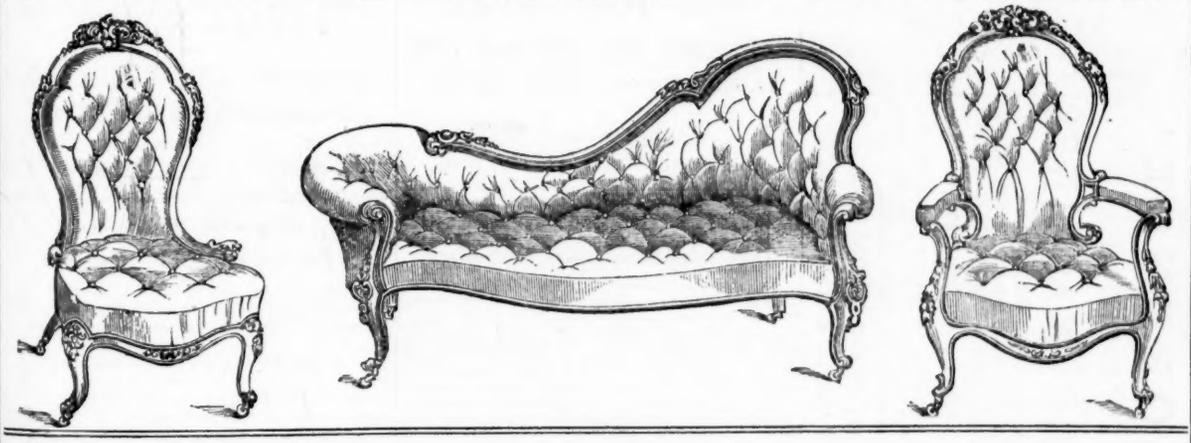

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